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trait Sketch," on the other hand, was not quite up to the average of his work in oils. Mr. Herbert Denman's "The Fruit Vender" and Miss. Caroline T. Hecker's "Portrait" of a little girl in white were both praiseworthy performances.

Mr. William A. Coffin showed a somewhat garish, red-tiled "Village on a Hill," and a much more satisfactory "Moonrise," with a host of bright-tinted clouds reflected in rippling water. Mr. Walter L. Palmer's two studies of snow were exquisite in quality. Mr. J. Alden Weir's "Awakening of Spring" was a particularly happy rendering of a peculiarly American subject—a bit of rough hillside with an old stone fence and a few trees and bushes scarcely yet touched with green. His "The Bridge," meaning the Brooklyn Bridge, was not so successful. There was only one flower-piece in the exhibition, Mr. J. Louis Webb's "Hydrangea," which was a good study, but nothing more.

My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
—*Much Ado About Nothing.*



MR. SARGENT has had a profitable winter in New York and Boston. Despite the accident of his American birth—which, to do him justice, he has done his best to atone for, by visiting the country only once before since he was born in it—this clever artist has been received just as if he were a real foreigner. The two great advantages sought for by a distinguished artist coming to the United States are that he should have plenty of commissions to paint portraits, and that he should be permitted to dash them off as expeditiously as possible. Both of these Mr. Sargent has enjoyed and has exercised as freely as if he had been Mr. Hubert Herkomer or any other of the foreign painters who, from time to time, cross the Atlantic to deplete our pockets at the expense of our vanity. It was, doubtless, fortunate for him that he did not come to us until he had made his reputation abroad; for if he were only an every-day American, his summary method of painting would have been resented by many of his sitters, who, under existing conditions, are afraid to say that they do not like it. But even those who don't like it pay all the same. Mrs. M—F—, of Boston, after giving Mr. Sargent a large sum of money for painting her children, found the picture so unsatisfactory that she banished it to the garret. A goodly company of such disgraced canvases—all products of distinguished artists—might be got together in this country, headed by Munkacsy's picture of the beautiful Mrs. Pulitzer, for which he was paid \$5000. What a gallery of wounded pride they would make, to be sure! Painful to the distinguished artists and to the sitters, too, no doubt. But how soothing it might prove to our neglected, ungallied portrait painters, who, if they are less dashing and less "artistic"—much-abused word!—at least give honest satisfaction to their sitters.

WHAT does it matter if Mr. Sargent—who, above all his contemporaries, perhaps, has the gift of imparting distinction to his subject—makes a dowdy look like a queen, or to a little, insignificant woman gives the air of a goddess, if no one can recognize in the picture the features of the original? I may be told that Vandyck and Velasquez and Mr. Sargent's favorite, Franz Hals, gave the same distinction to all their sitters, who, presumably, could not have been uniformly so distinguished-looking. This is true; but it is worth remembering that while the old-time portrait reflected much of the charm of the master's style, it did a great deal more: it also gave his best drawing—his best modeling. A painting may be valuable as a portrait or as a picture, or as both combined. Of the portraits of the old masters we can absolutely *know* nothing as to the likeness; but we are quite sure of them as pictures. Many of Mr. Sargent's canvases are assuredly not good as portraits. If they are to stand comparison at all with those of the old masters as pictures, they should at least be well drawn, the hands, especially, should look something like hands, and, if it is not too much to insist on, one might add that there should be some suggestion that there are bodies beneath the dashing painted draperies. These requirements are not always found in Mr.

Sargent's portraits. Hence, it is not surprising to learn of one of his sitters having actually paid for two portraits—as a Japanese will carry two watches: the one to regulate the other—one painted by Mr. Sargent, for "style," and the other by Mr. Champney—for the likeness, say. This is not a hypothetical case; it is a fact.

IN the Illustrated Salon Catalogue this year there are not nearly so many funny translations of the French titles of the pictures as usual; but what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality. Could anything be better than giving "Milk Street" as the equivalent for "La voie lactée"—"The Milky Way"—E. Michel's allegorical painting of the starry heavens?

As the magazine was going to press last month, I received a communication to the effect that the "Mannheimer collection," advertised to be "sold without reserve," was largely made up of pictures which came from Knoedler & Co., and, having been bought in, were duly returned to the latter. Having no time to verify this statement, I simply omitted all reference to the alleged auction. Subsequent inquiries show it to be true. It appears that Mr. Mannheimer's "collection" was not sold, but only weedings from it. Knoedler & Co. would really seem to have an unlimited stock of paintings to draw upon to help out transactions of this sort.

A CATTLE picture, by Mrs. Emily Lakey, called "The Right of Way," is on exhibition at the gallery formerly occupied by Mr. S. P. Avery, where it fills the entire wall space facing the entry. While it evinces improvement—notably in the landscape—on previous work by the lady shown in this country, its production must in all candor be pronounced a mistake, for it emphasizes her shortcomings in a way that would hardly be possible in a picture of more modest dimensions. It especially draws attention to the fact that Mrs. Lakey is no colorist; although even a Troyon might have hesitated to depend upon such a palette of grays, browns and greens for covering all these yards of canvas. The result of this fatuous effort may be summarized as a painted area of uncompromising chalkiness, almost devoid of sentiment. The sooner Mrs. Lakey gets over the effects of this grievous mistake, and returns to such honest little canvases as it was the pleasure of The Art Amateur to commend a few years ago, the better it will be for her art and for the nerves of the critics.

AN exquisitely beautiful bust, in marble, of a "Vestal Virgin," by Thorwaldsen, is for sale at Tiffany's, at a price hardly greater than is asked for any of the pretty inanities of the modern Italian school which are so popular in this country. The simplicity of the style of the famous Dane is alike notable in the treatment of the classical and placid features of the maiden, and the broadly modelled folds of her drapery. One has only to glance from this chaste little work to some of its neighbors to see the difference between sculpture and image-making.

MR. THEODORE WORES'S collection of paintings at Reichard's gives a good idea of every-day life in Japan, because the artist has striven faithfully to reproduce just what he saw. The tea-house in cherry-time, the street showman of Tokio, the jinriksha, the Japanese garden, the koto-player, the wayside shrine—all these and other subjects are very characteristically treated; but little can be said for the paintings artistically. The color is garish, and most of the pictures suggest the idea that, among other peculiarities of the Japanese, that wonderful people contrive to live without air. Mr. Wores shows a few Chinese subjects done in pastels, with which medium technically he seems much more at home than with oils. The portrait of a Chinese priest is particularly good.

A ROUND hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, lacking only a few cents, were the gross receipts of the seven days' sale of the stock of Pottier and Stymus—a very handsome sum, considering that most of the furniture was of the kind in vogue about ten years ago in what is now contemptuously called "steamboat style." The large elaborately carved walnut cabinet, full of secret drawers and other curious surprises, which is said to have cost the firm \$13,000 to make and which won a medal at the Centennial exhibition, was bought for \$3000 by Mrs. Arnold, a sister-in-law of Mr. Pottier. One of the Hiltons bought largely for the furniture department of Denning's. A new firm of decorators in Twenty-first

Street laid in a fine stock of draperies at a small outlay, and the bill of Mr. W. H. Webb, for the Hotel Bristol, reached five figures. Of what may properly be called artistic furniture and hangings—the few good, old things in the stock—Mr. James McHugh seemed to enjoy a monopoly. From the point of vantage of his place opposite the Reservoir he pounced down day after day and carried off such prizes as a fine English marquetry sideboard of a century or so ago, some old Chippendale chairs, which had probably been used as models for reproduction, and two fine large Gobelin tapestries picturing the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece, which the auctioneer said were from the Paris residence of the Duke of Brunswick, who died about two years ago.

No one interested in such matters can have failed to notice of late the decided advance—artistically, at least—in American domestic "opaque porcelain" ware. Such dinner services as one sees in the show-windows at Bedell's in Broadway, made at the Chesapeake Pottery Works, in Baltimore, are excellent for ordinary use. Both in form and in decoration they are better than similar imported ware, and they cost no more. It is gratifying to learn that they are selling very well, which is due not only to their intrinsic merit, but also to the fact that the ware is sold in "open sets"—i.e., you may buy just what you want of a set and no more, and can replace broken articles without delay, instead of having to wait for three months, as in the case of accidents with imported ware of the same class.

LOOKING over a back number of The Artist recently I came upon an account of the terrible death—which happened some months ago—of Marianne Godwin, the London girl caricaturist, whose rather audacious water-color sketches of popular actresses, always signed "Jack," must be familiar to all Americans who have lounged through St. James Street and the Burlington Arcade. The thin dress of the little artist caught fire from the gas-stove where she was making her tea in her studio. All ablaze, she rushed into an adjoining room where a gentleman was asleep in bed and woke him. He put out the flames, but too late to save the poor girl; she died the next night. It was a great ambition of "Jack" to have her portraits of stage beauties brought to the notice of the Prince of Wales—although he must have been very familiar with them—and one day she made a parcel of them and got her sister to leave them at Marlborough House, with a note beginning "Dear Prince of Wales," and ending "your loving subject, 'Jack' (M. A.)." The good-hearted Prince bought some of the sketches and sent her a kind message, "hoping that she would succeed in her art career."

AS exquisite an object of porcelain as can be found in this or any other country is a slender little lavender biberon-shaped vase in the cabinet of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, bearing the seal mark of Yung Ching. The paste is of the finest, and the piece is absolutely perfect in form, color and glaze. That such a delicate, fragile object should come down to us, after nearly two hundred years, without a flaw or a scratch of any kind, shows with what care the Chinese and Japanese guard their ceramic treasures; and it reminds us, too, of what has often been said as to the imperishability of the work of the potter.

THE first American attempt—or, rather, attempt in America, for the adventurous painter is an Englishman—to emulate the Munkacsy example of producing "a great religious picture," is by Mr. Matt Morgan, who, I read, "has completed a painting, thirty by fifteen feet in size, representing Christ entering Jerusalem," which "will be exhibited in Boston for four weeks and then here." Mr. Morgan began his artistic career on the short-lived London comic paper, The Tomahawk, and came into notice by lampooning Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales. He was imported for the staff of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper as a foil to Mr. Thomas Nast, but failed completely as a cartoonist. Next he appeared as a scene-painter, but with not much more success. After this one finds his name associated with certain pottery works which advertised extensively and failed before the publishers could collect the amount of their bills. Later still, he is heard of in connection with a Western lithographic concern. Having failed in all these enterprises, of course he is just the man to paint "a great religious picture."

MONTEZUMA.